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The Romance of War.

How Capt. Wilkes got Even with John Sidelid.

The Brooklyn Times is responsible for the following :

"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsibility-assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Sidelid, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Bunsby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood, the blind old fellow succeeded in winning one of his shafts clear through his rough sea-weater, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The blow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was a 'lass who loved a sailor'—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow chandler, well-to-do, called Sidelid, and young Sidelid feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept the 'mitten,' but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with 'poisoning' the mind of the 'stern parent' of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted on her giving her hand to young Sidelid, which, after many protestations and the crying and the weeping and the hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Sidelid. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his 'lady lass' again, not meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last 'got more than even.'"

Triumphal Entry of the Federal Troops into Beaufort—Address of Welcome by a Prominent Citizen.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER WARREN,
OFF HILTON HEAD, NOV. 9, 1861. }

In their headlong flight the Southern gentlemen appeared to forget their boasted courtesy. They left but one of their number behind them to welcome us to the city. [Vandy Fair here gives a portrait of the distinguished son of the chivalry, particularly happy over a picture of Belmont.] The gentleman upon whose shoulders this duty had fallen, however, went through with it in a very creditable manner, and everything passed off pleasantly. On our arrival at the outskirts of Beaufort, the orator of the day advanced toward us, hat in hand. Being entirely alone, two members of the Seventh Connecticut regiment were deputed to support him, as a matter of etiquette. His speech did credit to his class as well as to his heart. I append a verbatim report:—"Ow! ye, boys? Fins we're!—Glar't see you. Welko't Beaufort!—Gel Drayton gonel Wouldn't stay. Fins we'r'er !—Wh—o—o—o—p! Lash take a drink! (Great applause.) You Northerners perry good fellas. (Cheers)—gel Drayton wouldn't sthay. See I to him, sez I, Gel Drayton, you must be Belmont sthay, absolutely necessary. Sez (hic) he to me, sez he, me—e—e—e—sez he to me, can't do it, ole fella. Musht (hic) gel. Got business (hic) engagemunt! Gel Drayton's friend o' (hic) mine. Know Gel (hic) Drayton? Gel Drayton's good (hic) fella. All good fellas. Beaufort's (hic) all right!—Beaufort's all right!"

Printers tell many queer, quaint, quizzical, and sometimes startling, stories and while they do a great deal in the way for the mere fun of the thing, it is not to be supposed that they are always joking—always jibing it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh, or creating wonder. In their numerous fittings they mingle with many strange people, see many strange sights, and often encounter perils which to many would appear incredible. We will relate a little story which we heard from the lips of a poor fellow now dead and gone:

In the year 18—, we were assisting in the editorial department of a daily paper which was published in one of the small cities of New York. One night—or rather morning (for editors, reporters, and printers are compelled to keep all sorts of hours) the "forms" were locked up and everything was ready for a final adjournment to our respective boarding houses, a proposition which was being made near by restaurant, for the double purpose of having a smoke and refreshing the inner man with a little something good and pleasant to the palate. Accordingly, we repaired to the patine-saloon, and while

About midnight we are
the cry of "doctor, oh, doctor
ing, and wants you to come
Surgeon unrolls his woollen
a hasty toilet. While this
ducted with every diligen
urlylight, questions are prop
the case—
What does he complain of?
'He's very bad off, doctor.'
What has he been eating?
'Don't know, doctor.'

Reader, have you any doubt of the correctness of our conjecture? Of course not! No one of the smallest skill in this description of comparative anatomy could have. We appeal to Price himself

How you fought, and how you fell.

Triumphal Entry of the Federal Troops into Beaufort—Address of Welcome

Drayton's friend o' (hie) mine. Know Gel (hie) Drayton? Gel Drayton's good (hie) fella. All good fellas. Beaufort's

AND
The Republicans favor the Niggerous
prosecution of the war.